

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

NOTICE TO PARENTS.

We propose making a roster of every soldier and sailor in Tazewell County, and will ask the parents of the boys in the county and elsewhere to send to us at once, the names, names of company and regiment, and home address of soldier now serving the country from Tazewell county. Mail the information to us on a postal, and write plainly. Do it now!

Morison Werth Having a Great Time in France Dodging Hun Shrapnel, and for His "Prospective's" Information, Read What He Says About Cooking, and What Became of It.

American Expeditionary Force, Sept. 23, 1918.

My Dear Father:

Have just received your letter, written July 19, and several days ago I received a long letter written in July. These are the only letters I have received since you and mother wrote from Asheville, N. C. I have written you two letters since July 8th. I know I should have written more, but we are moving around so much it was hard to get my mail out. I wrote you several months ago about Corporal Wade Miller being killed. He was killed by a piece of shell which struck him in the head. We have not been transferred from M. F. (military police), duty and do not expect to be. I do not see what Capt. V. and Lt. B. mean by writing such stuff home, if they did, and I don't believe they did. Do not believe any reports about me or my company; I will write if such things happen. Bill Bowser was sent to the hospital about two months ago. He had appendicitis. I wrote you all about him in another letter. The reason that Bill Bowser and Sam Angles are writing for money is because they have been separated from their "service record." When a man is transferred he does not get paid until his service record is sent to his new organization. We have a man transferred to us who has not been paid for five months. After this month we will have "pay books," which we will carry ourselves and present it to our quartermaster officer after the last day of each month and he will pay us what we are due. That will come in good for us. P.S. as we are very seldom with our command. The Y. M. C. A. get most of our money—that is my money. Lots of the boys go in for wine, beer, and other drinks, but I spend more money for chocolate candy, hot chocolate, sweet cakes and anything else sweet I can find, than for anything else. I have been very busy lately, on account of the scarcity of sugar. If the Government ever gives you a chance to send a package, send block chocolate and as much of it as possible; there are others who want it just as bad as I do. Yes, I guess William will be transferred to "somewhere" over here soon. I am surprised that he has not been here before now. He is fortunate to get the training that he has had and will have before coming over here. It makes a great difference.

When the Boys Are Hungry They Forget About the "Change."

I surely would like to get my hands on a few bushels of those tomatoes. I feel like I could get rid of a bunch of them. On one occasion we were paid off in this country where we could buy nothing; soon afterwards we moved into a nice town, and in the market they had rabbits, chickens, tomatoes, cantaloupes, apples, peaches, and plums. We didn't take time to ask the price, just made signs as to the quantity and threw down a half, sometimes a whole dollar, and they were gone. That is the only time I have had enough fruit to eat. I am glad to hear that you are dropping some of your practice. Why not drop it all and come over here and lecture for the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A. There is a Mr. Elmore who gets the latest American and European news of every kind and gives it to the boys. He was a preacher in the States and preaches over here, too, and belongs to the Y. M. C. A., and whenever the boys hear that Mr. Elmore is going to talk at a certain time they all crowd in to hear him for they know it will be worth while. You can do the same. I doubt if you could preach as good a sermon, but you could give blame good advice. If you ever do come over here be sure to get every thread of news you can from President Wilson clear down to the Buck private. American news is greatly in demand over here. I guess Billy has changed lots, and I have never seen John, but I but I would know them both if all kinds of descriptions of them and every one seems to think there are no kids like them. I am getting so I want to see them worse than any one else. They must be great! Bet they keep every one on the jump to keep them out of mischief. I am just crazy to get one on each knee and tell them what fun I have had over here. Guess they will keep me busy for quite a while when I get home.

There is very little chance of my seeing Miss Jesse, but sure will keep a good lookout for her. I have written you that I have seen Jack May and Wm. Pierce. Don't waste paper, ink and time asking questions about my Division or any other. I am not allowed to make any remarks whatever about losses, gains, movements, etc., in short, am not allowed to say any word about it. The papers will tell you all about it—even more than I know myself. You cannot depend upon what a friend writes home about any one. If Uncle Sam has not said anything about ***** being wounded, then he hasn't been wounded. One of Lowe's so-called "friends" wrote back home that he was wounded. The boy who wrote that has never been over here. There is time enough to worry when Uncle Sam tells you that a man has been killed or wounded, so pay no attention to such reports, for they are entitled to none.

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Love to all. MORISON.

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Charles Gose Now in Army Officers' Training School "Over There."

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Here is a little story about myself which I hope the censor will not cut out, as it concerns only myself and two of my men:

We had been detailed from our company and sent to the front for duty. Rations were hard to get and I sent in for some and we went to cooking. One evening while we were washing

our pots and pans Fritz opened up and sent over a few "pills," (shells), one of which came near my kitchen, so I flops on to the floor. When I got up I found splinters scattered all around and a large hole shot through my stove pipe. The next day passed almost until about the same time when Fritz opened up again. We had just started to eat and we had fixed up an extra quantity, as we were all hungry. Fritz dropped a shell a little ways off and I went to the door to see where it landed and about the same time we heard another coming toward us. It didn't take us a thousandth part of second to hit the ground—you don't pay any attention to what you fall on in these circumstances either. The shell landed about 10 feet behind my kitchen. I didn't take time to see what damage it did to the kitchen or think about how hungry I was, but we all made one grand race for a dug-out and stayed there until things got quiet again. The glass was back and looking things over about the kitchen. It was a beautiful sight for a hungry man to look at. I had canned beef and pork and beans warmed together and cabbage cooked and the best coffee you ever tasted. All of it was still on the stove but besides the eating being in the pots, there was mud, rocks, splinters, glass and almost every thing that should not have been there, mixed with it, so we got no supper that night. It also sent a piece of shell through the stove pipe and we have not cooked or eaten there since. That was a pretty close call and what you said about being under shell fire is as true as truth itself. My knees tried to knock each other from under me for about half an hour after it happened.

It was a great sight to see the French people who had been in the claws of the Hun for the last 4 years. They were the happiest people I have ever met up with in all my life when the Americans went plunging onward. Write some more of those long letters. They read just like sugar tastes, and that's saying a lot, too. Lowe and Walker are well at last. I saw them two weeks ago. I am healthy and stronger than ever, but some dirty, as I have not had a good bath for sometime. There is some class to this army life in active service—its GREAT.

Love to all. MORISON.

Corp. Hobart M. Werth, Co. B, 117th T. H. and M. P., A. E. F.

Charles Gose Now in Army Officers' Training School "Over There."

Somewhere in France, Sept. 4. Dear Father:

I am afraid you will something is wrong, because you have not gotten any letters from me. They have not mailed any, because they did not have a censor stamp. They hope to get out some letters today, and I know there will be a letter from me to you. I have written on the average of once a week. I received Nello's letter of July 27th, the last that I have gotten. It takes your letters just one month to get here.

Nello was telling about the dinner you all had on the Sunday that Henrietta and Clara Peery were there. He asked or wondered what I had. Well, to be specific, I had nothing. I happened to be on the train coming back from school and I failed to get any dinner. But such a thing as going without a meal is a small thing compared with other things one has to go through with.

The last time I was on the front all I had for two days was two sand which and one canned tomato. I had a shell hole all night, too. But that is part of the game; such incidents as that happen only at frequent intervals. It is marvelous how they get things to you in the trenches, anyway. One really gets more there than he does while out. We sure have been on the hike. Have hiked seventy miles in four days and nights. I have been on the line and light packs the rest of the time. We have been taking a good rest yesterday and today. We are in the mountains and by a trout stream. Floyd Repass and three other boys caught 35 yesterday; another boy and I caught 35 this morning, one eighteen inches long. We caught them with our hands. I got out yesterday morning and got some eggs and good sweet milk for breakfast. The boys buy all the eggs they can get their hands on and if you are not an early bird, you are out of luck. I saw Leonard Edwards and Hubert Meredith yesterday. If you don't get a letter from me every week don't worry for we move often and Bob Whitley just now told me that I could not mail that because we have no orders as to return address. Love to all.

Your devoted son, CHARLES.

Charles Gose, to his father, John P. Gose, Burke's Garden, Va.

Dear Father and Mother:

Received your letter of August 9th Saturday. I don't understand why you have not received any letters dated after June 21st as I have averaged one letter a week. I think it was two weeks between two writings. You see we are moving very often and it is hard to get letters written and after they are written it is hard to get the officers to censor them, but I have good news for you in this letter. I have passed successfully the examination for the Officers' Training School. Suppose I will leave in the next day or so for the school. It came as a surprise to me. I was ordered to report at Regimental Headquarters on a fifteen minutes notice for examination.

The order came in yesterday that I was selected. I will do my best and by the aid of God, will endeavor to do that which is right, and I know I will get the commission. An officer has a chance to do world of good in this army, although I suppose it is one of the worst places, or at least the hardest place to lead a Christian life. One has so many temptations and the officers are not allowed to have any kind of life. I am getting so I want to see them worse than any one else. They must be great! Bet they keep every one on the jump to keep them out of mischief. I am just crazy to get one on each knee and tell them what fun I have had over here. Guess they will keep me busy for quite a while when I get home.

There is very little chance of my